THE Gift of *PALLAS*.

A POEM.

Occaſioned by a fine Piece of Linnen lately ſent from *Ireland*, as a Preſent to Her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs *ANN*.

Divinâ Palladis arte. Virg.

DUBLIN: Printed by JAMES HOEY at the Sign of *Mercury* in *Skinner-Row*, oppoſite to the *Tholſel*, 1733.

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POEM.

THE Gods were round Imperial Jove
Engage'd in high Debates,
As move'd by Hatred, or by Love
To *Europe*'s rival States:

While Some the *Auſtrian* Cauſe prefer,
The (a) *Amazon* extol,
Some for the (b) Royal *Pole* declare,
And praiſe the mighty *Gaul.*

(a) The Empreſs of *Ruſſia* in whoſe Dominions *Scythia* the original Country of the *Amazons* is comprehended.

Staniſlaus

" But

But Beauty's ever-ſmiling Queen
Far diff'rent Thoughts employ,
Intent on BRITAIN's ſplendid Scene,
And NASSAU's future Joy.

In Cares profound, with Looks ſevere,
Minerva ſhe beheld,
She ſaw the Goddeſs ſhake her Spear,
And lift the *Gorgon* Shield:

When the bright Pow'r of genial Love
Stood forth in Charms confeſs'd,
And thus the warlike Maid of JOVE
In ſoothing Words addreſs'd.

"Her Courſe ſhall Wiſdom's Goddeſs bend
"Unto the barbarous North,
"To ſee *Goths*, *Vandals*, *Scythians* ſend
"Their fell Deſtroyers forth?

"O ſhall the Queen of Arts profane
"Her Hands with human Gore?
"Shall Sculpture, Painting, Poet's Strain
"And Texture be no more?

"From

" From horrid Climes, from Scenes of Blood,
" On *Britain* turn your Eyes,
" Where Buſtoes to the Wiſe and Good,
" To WILLIAM Statues, riſe:

" Where *Addiſon*'s and *Kneller*'s Lines
" Their matchleſs Genius prove,
" While the Firſt GEORGE majeſtic ſhines
" The Picture of a JOVE:

" Where skilful Artiſts of the Loom
" Their Woollen Webs prepare,
" To be exported far from home,
" For foreign Kings to wear.

" Thus *Britain* boaſts above all Lands,
" Your Arts as well as Arms;
" Nor leſs my Patronage demands,
" So fame'd for Beauty's Charms.

" The Splendor of *Britannia*'s Court
" The *Roman* Pomp outvies,
" There Earth's bright Goddeſſes reſort,
" And emulate the Skies.

" There

" There ſits Great CAROLNE enthrone'd,
" Enthrone'd in *Britain*'s Heart,
" While She, another *Pallas* own'd,
" Gives Life to ev'ry Art.

" By her, the Glory of the Iſle,
" The Royal Virgin ſtands,
" For whom glad *Hymen* with a Smile,
" Prepares the Nuptial Bands.

" With Joy he views the Princely Youth,
" Immortal WILLIAM's Heir,
" While white robe'd Honour, Love, and Truth
" Attend the happy Pair.

" For WILLIAM's and for GEORGE's Sake,
" Now, JOVE's great Daughter, ſay
" What Preſent ſhall *Minerva* make,
" To crown the Nuptial Day?

" My (c) Zone around her Waſte is ty'd'
" See, how its Glories ſpread!
" What Gift, when That is laid aſide,
" Shall grace the Bridal Bed?

(c) This Zone is celabrated in the 13th *Iliad* of *Homer*.

" What

" What Gift more white than new-fall'n Snows,
" Than *Aſia*'s Silks more fine,
" Shall all *Minerva*'s Skill diſcloſe,
" And prove her Art divine?

Thus ſpoke the beauteous Queen of Love;
When *Pallas* thus replied,——
" Your Care, O Goddeſs, I approve,
" For *Britain*'s Royal Bride.

" What Sight more pleaſing to the Skies
" Can thro' the Earth be found,
" Than young NASSAU, the brave, the wiſe,
" With ANNA's Virtues crown'd?

" To grace the Fair, *Minerva*'s Hands
" Some curious Work ſhould frame,
" But *Europe* now my Help demands
" To ſtop the ſpreading Flame.

" Think not that I delight in War,
" Or chuſe in Arms to ſhine,
" Tho' I the dreadful *Ægis* bear,
" The (d) Olive Branch is mine.

(d) This refers to the Conteſt between *Neptune* and *Pallas*, about naming the City of *Athens*, when the former produced a Horſe out of the Earth, the latter an Olive Tree, which is the Emblem of Peace.

" When

" When *Pallas* fights, she fights for Peace,
" The'ambitious to reclaim,
" Thus did the *Britiſh* Pow'r encreaſe
" Hence mighty WILLIAM's Fame.

" To *Britain* now my Courſe I bend,
" I at her Helm preſide,
" Great GEORGE's Empire I defend,
" And all his Counſels guide.

" While I deep Plans of Pow'r reveal,
" With all their ſecret Springs,
" He poizing equally each Scale
" Sits Arbiter of Kings.

" Yet, Goddeſs, hear what I propoſe
" To gratifie your Will——
" I'll give a ſhining Web, which ſhews
" Th'extent of Human Skill.

" Lo! where *Ierne* to the Weſt,
" Of fair *Britannia* lyes,
" Beneath the ſame Dominion bleſt,
" The ſame indulgent Skies:

" Who

Who now awakes her tuneful Choir
To ſing of Golden Days,
While DORSET liſtens to her Lyre,
And dignifies her Lays:

" While in his charming Conſort's Face,
" And Joy-inſpiring Mien,
" Expreſs'd ſhe views each Royal Grace,
" And owns her abſent Queen.

" You can't but know that in this Iſle
" A Work ſtupendous ſtands,
" Compoſe'd of many a wondrous Pile
" Raiſe'd by immortal Hands;

" Which down the Sea to *Neptune's* Court
" Far as the Center tends,
" On which the azure *Nereids* ſport,
" By which the God aſcends;

" Greatly irregular, high, deep, and broad,
" With various Pillars wall'd,

" Knows

" Known to the Gods by *Neptune's* Road,
" By Men the (f) *Giant's* call'd.

" Near this the Fields of (g) *Lerna* lye,
" Where Webs of Linnen ſhow
" At Diſtance to the Stranger's Eye
" A Scene of Summer Snow.

" On theſe *Ierne's* wealth depends,
" Of theſe ſhe juſtly boaſts,
" Hence an unrival'd Trade extends,
" To *India*'s diſtant Coaſts.

" There, there you'll find the ſplendid Prize
" Upon a Bank diſplay'd,
" And there a Youth with raviſh'd Eyes
" Fixt on a beauteous Maid.

(f) The Giants Cauſeway in the County of Antrim juſtly reckoned one of the greateſt Curioſities in the World. It runs from the Bottom of a high Hill into the Sea, and as far as it is viſible, is ſaid to conſiſt of above an Hundred thouſand Pillars, all ſmooth, but very unequal in Height and Breadth, ſome of them being ten, others twenty, and ſome Six and thirty Foot high.

(g) *Learne*, The Place where the Web was wrought.

" With

" With vain Purſuit he often try'd
" The Virgin's Heart to win;
This I propoſe, at length ſhe cry'd,
" WEAVE YOU WHAT I SHALL SPIN:

" Then to the Goddeſs of our Art
" The work devoted be ——
" Theſe are the Terms, on which my Heart
" Shall be reſign'd to thee.

" Fine as her curious Fingers ſpun,
" Th'enamour'd Artiſt wove, ——————————
" And thus immortal Honour won,
" And thus the Virgin's Love.

" From Love the gen'rous ſtrife began,
" Love gave the Youth Succeſs,
" Sacred to Love and Royal ANN
" The Gift let *Venus* bleſs.

Now, now *Batavia*'s Fame muſt yield
" To *Lerna*'s happier Skill,

" In

" In this her nobleſt Art excell'd,
" Such is *Minerva*'s will ——

" I've ſworn it by a neighb'ring (i) Lake,
" To all the Sages known,
" Which from my (k) Shield the Pow'r did take
" Of turning Wood to Stone.

" And yet *Batavia* well may bear
" This no inglorious Foil,
" Her's ſoon ſhall be the Royal Fair,
" And Her's the ſhining Spoil.

(i) *Lough Neagh*, bordering on the County of *Antrim* —— This Oath of *Minerva* is an alluſion to the Gods ſwearing by the *Stygian Lake*.

(k) The Story of *Meduſa* the *Gorgon* is well known, whoſe Head *PALLAS* bore in her Shield.

FINIS.

N. B. The Author of this Poem is now carrying on a Subſcription for a new Tranſlation of *Longinus*, which will be put to the Preſs immediately after the *Holidays*.

AN

ODE.

In Imitation of

The third ODE of the third Book of HORACE. Addreſs'd to the City of *DUBLIN*, upon a late Occaſion.

By the ſame Hand.

Juſtum & tenacem propoſiti Virum, &c.

THE Man that's obſtinately juſt
Firm to his Purpoſe, and his Truſt,
Nor Hopes, nor Fears can ſway:
He ſtill inflexible to Wrong,
Serene thro' Tumults moves along
Where Duty points the Way.

For ever true to Vertue's Cauſe,
He ſquares his Actions by the Laws,
And is Himſelf their Soul;
By Envy, or by Fraud combine'd,
No Factions can diſturb his Mind
Nor his Deſign controul,

Pow'r

Pow'r neither with her Frowns nor Smiles,
His Courage daunts, his Heart beguiles:
He on himſelf depends:
He courts not Praiſe from vulgar Breath,
And ſcorns to proſtitute his Faith
To ſerve his private Ends.

Shou'd one vaſt Flame involve each Pole,
Shou'd Tempeſts rage, ſhou'd Thunders roll,
And Earth and Heaven ſhake,
He cou'd the mighty Ruin hear
Secure himſelf, and void of Fear,
While all the guilty quake.

Hence did the Gods of *Greece* ariſe:
Hence did *Rome*'s Founder mount the Skies:
Theſe Paths bold *CATO* trod:
'Twas This gave Great *NASSAU* a Crown,
Immortal Fame to *TULLY*'s Gown,
And *FRENCH*'s Civic Rod.

But hold, raſh *Muſe*, do not aſpire
At Things too mighty for your Lyre;
How feeble are your Strings!
Aſtræa, raviſh'd with the Name
Of *FRENCH*, aſſerts the glorious Theme,
And lo! the Goddeſs ſings——

"*Eblana*,

" *Eblana*, oh! *Eblana*, hear, ——
" If Freedom to your Sons be dear,
" If Glory warms your Heart,
" Rely on me your trueſt Friend,
" And clear of Prejudice attend
" The Counſels I impart.

" By me the Commerce of each Land
" Subſiſts, I tye the ſocial Band
" Which holds the World in Peace:
" All the Civilities of Life
" From me ariſe, while horrid Strife
" And Frauds and Rapines ceaſe.

" I plant the Nation, build the Town,
" Give Sanction to the Scarlet Gown,
" And Terror to the Sword:
" By me one Man can Thouſands awe,
" And giving Life and Force to Law
" Be only not ador'd.

" Such was the Man who rule'd of late,
" How brave! how good! how juſt! how great!
" How Faithful ſtill to you!
" Who carry'd Pow'r to all its Height,
" Came near th' Extreme, yet ſtill was right;
" A Secret learn'd by few.

" The

" The Epic Song theſe Virtues fill ;
" Theſe once employ'd the Sculptor's Skill,
" Whence Statues, Pillars roſe:
" By Acts like theſe *Rome*'s Senate ſhine'd,
" And as they conquer'd, ſtill refine'd
" And civilize'd their Foes.

" O may *Hibernia*'s Senate riſe
" To equal Fame, if ſtill they prize
" Their native Rights and Laws,
" If ſtill *Aſtræa*'s Voice be heard,
" If ſtill the Patriot be prefer'd
" To plead *Hibernia*'s Cauſe.

" 'Tis yours, *Eblana*, now to prove
" Your Gratitude to him I love,
" And by one gen'rous Choice,
" For Virtue's and *Hibernia*'s Sake,
" To crown his high Deſerts, and make
" All honeſt Men rejoyce.

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